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AN
ESSAY
ON THE
ANTIQUEITY, DIGNITY,
AND
ADVANTAGES
OF
Living in a GARRET.

Humbly recommended to
The Serious Consideration
OF
The LEARNED WORLD.

LONDON,
Printed for W. OWEN, near Temple-bar.
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J. B. A. 5

ANTIQUITY, DIGNITY,

ADVANTAGES

Living in a GARRET.

Thoroughly revised and enlarged to



The Serious Consideration

OF

The LEARNED WORKMAN.

LONDON.

Printed for W. & A. G. Smith, 10, New Street, London.

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O N T H E
Antiquity, Dignity, and Advantages
Of Living in a
G A R R E T.

AFTER having devoted a long and laborious Life of more than sixty Years to the Service of my Country ; I thought it incumbent on me to do something that might at once be a handsome Conclusion to my Works, and a grateful Acknowledgement of the Favour the World has shewn them. Both which Ends, I hope, are answered in the following Essay;

THE

ANTHROPOLOGICAL

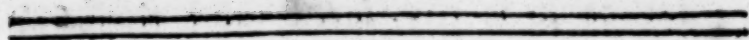
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say ; for as it is my *latest*, and therefore *best* Performance, I cannot leave the public a more valuable Legacy ; nor can I ever so happily conclude my Works as by this Piece, which my *Friends* (for I have consulted my *Friends*) assure me is the *Ne plus ultra* of my Capacity. What I have hitherto published has been the Produce either of my Reading or Invention : this is the Fruit of my *Experience*. The Fame which (*absit vanitas*) the World has been pleased to allow me, was entirely owing to the Manner of Life I here recommend, which I now make public, that all who are willing to follow my Example, may partake my Success.

I think it a singular Happiness that all my Days have been spent in a *Garret* ; and that my Circumstances have so luckily agreed with my Inclinations ; for I was born to a great deal of *Ambition*, and very little *Money*, and found a *Garret* proper to indulge my *Pride*, and comply with my *Poverty* ;



erty; as it is at once *leffy* and *cheap*. These Considerations first induced me to pitch on it: but on a further Acquaintance I found so many Advantages in the Situation, as a Man of my Humanity could not be satisfied to enjoy in a selfish Silence; for tho' I should pass over, (which however I don't intend to do) all the Advantages it has with regard to *Health*, *Honour*, and *Security*; I doubt not to make it appear in the Course of this Essay, that *Garrets* are peculiarly favourable to *Study*, calculated for the *Learned*, and by them used in all Ages, until this, when both *Learning*, and living in a *Garret*, are fallen into Disrepute together.

As we trace the Current of *Antiquity*, the nearer we approach the Fountain Head, where Nature flows most pure and uncorrupted, the fonder we find Mankind of *Garrets*. The first learned People we read of was the *Affyrians*; they so detested the Surface of the Earth, that they spared

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no Labour, no Expence, to raise themselves a *Garret* as high as Heaven; and what is the Reason assigned? Why, to make themselves a Name—To gain them an immortal Reputation, plainly intimating, that they thought it impossible to come to Fame by any other Road; and indeed it has been the Fate of the Ambitious Learned ever since, that their Pursuits of Glory have generally either begun or ended in a *Garret*.

Our Proofs of Antiquity do by no Means rest solely on the *Assyrians*; we might likewise produce the *Ægyptians* for this purpose; and Historians tell us, that the *Persians* deposited their Dead upon the Tops of very high Towers. It is natural to suppose that there must be a Conformity between Mens Lives and their Deaths; and if so, how high must that wise and brave People have lived? But now, every thing is inverted, and, by a strange Contradiction, the lowest Place is held the Place
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of Honour. The very mentioning such an Opinion were sufficient to show its Absurdity, tho' all the great Examples of Antiquity did not oppose it. To produce all that we might, would only serve to waste our Time, and our Readers Patience; we shall therefore content ourselves with bringing an Instance from later Ages, even when the World was much corrupted, and that from the two^a best of the *Roman Emperors* who ordered their Ashes to be deposited on Pillars of an immense Height, desiring that when dead they might lye in something like *Garrets*, since the Tyranny of Custom deprived them of that Satisfaction during their Lives. The Sentiments of such great Men are sufficient to balance against a World of envious or ignorant Cavillers; who have succeeded, however, too well in their Designs against Literature by the Attacks they have made on

^a Trajan, Antoninus.

its strongest *Citadels*; so that *Garrets* are now become the Dread of vain Fools, the Scorn of wealthy Coxcombs, and the Jest of little pretending Wits; to all whose Sneers, (for they deserve not the Name of Reasons.) Besides the Examples I have just urged, I will oppose this one Consideration, that will beyond Dispute, evince their Dignity to any reasonable Man: Which is, that *Poets* (whom all the World allows to be an *ambitious* Generation,) have fixed their Residence in them from Time immemorial. In this, they only follow the Example of their Patronesses the *Muses*, who are always represented as inhabiting the highest Mountains in *Greece*. A Circumstance that proves, that if they should vouchsafe to come under a Roof, a *Garret* would undoubtedly be their Choice. But to set this Point in still a clearer Light, it will be proper to consider, that the ancient Writers, the Poets particularly, often veil'd their Thoughts in *Allegory*, especially when the Matter was of so dry, and unpoetical

unpoetical a Nature, that they despaired to make it shine otherwise. So if they would describe a Poet scratching his Head and biting his Nails for a whole Night in his *Garret*: Instead of speaking of it as I now do, they would suppose him led inspired to the *Mountains* of the Muses, ^b and there labouring under the Influence of *Apollo*.

——magnum si pectore possit,
Excussisse Deum——

but what will effectually strengthen this Opinion (that *Mountains* in most Authors must be understood *Garrets*) is, that they are generally represented as the Habitations of the *Learned*. *Apollo* had his *Cynthus*, *Orpheus* his *Hæmus*, *Endymion* the Astronomer, his *Latmos*, and *Horace* represents *Pindar* as so situated.

——*Monte decurrens velut amnis.*

^b Aonas in *Montes* ut duxerit una Sororum.

These last I don't urge as *positive* Proofs, yet I should not be very much displeased if my Reader had a mind to think them such; and this I am persuaded he will be inclined to do, if he has read these excellent Books, that prove with so much Honour to Religion, and Reason, that *Bacchus* is not only *Moses*, but *Noah*, *Samson*, *Hercules*, and what is still as odd, that *Orpheus* is King *David*. I know I might, like the Authors of the abovementioned Books, have raised myself a Character of great Erudition, by quoting Greek, and Hebrew in abundance; if like them, I chose to be admired at the Price of not being understood. These Gentlemen don't use their Learning to illustrate their Subject, but their Subject to shew their Learning; they therefore always chuse some strange *Paradox* to make good; which they so bury in Quotations, and far fetch'd Reasons, that the Reader, at last knows not what to think of the matter in Question, nor of any thing

thing else ; they so confound all Ideas of past and present, wrong and right. But for my Part, I spare my Reader, and had much rather he should suspect my Learning than my Sense. The Publick, if it consider'd things rightly, could never sufficiently honour us, who confine our Writings to the Size of a *Pamphlet* ; did they know how easy it is for us to pour an Inundation of Learning on them from our Libraries, to stun their Ears, and overawe their Judgements by great Names ; and to present them with not only our waking, but likewise our sleeping Thoughts : And on the other hand experience the trouble of confining ourselves within proper Bounds, and cutting off all crude, all unnecessary, all false Thoughts, which to us is little less than cutting off a Limb ; they would own, that if we are not *good*, we are at least, *merciful* Authors. But alas ! 'Tis this Endeavour ruins us ; we make no Figure in a *Library* ; but are suffered to lie in the Dust, trampled on
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and used with the utmost Contempt, till our very *Fragments* are at last annihilated. While the Size of larger Books is their Security^c, which are protected from Ruin, by the Strength of the Binding, not the Strength of the Reasoning. They encumber the Land, like some huge *Gothick* Buildings that are suffered to stand, not for any Beauty they have, but because it would cost more than they were worth to destroy them. But I see I have unawares slid into a Digression, which, however, is not only pardonable, but perhaps no Fault at all in an Essay. And I return once more, as I always do with Pleasure, to my Garret.

Tho' I accused the Age, in the beginning of this Discourse, of being insensible of the Advantages of a *Garret*, yet with Pleasure I observe, 'tis a Fault they are

^c Mole sua stant.

every Day mending of: Several of our *Nobility*, those famous Patrons of Arts, who burn with an *incredible* Love to all good Letters, have at length discovered the Mistake the World has lain under. They thought formerly, that Learning could not be better encouraged, than by loading its Professors with Favours, Presents, Pensions &c. and thus, they smothered the Fire of Genius with too much Fuel. But now, they have opened their Eyes, and to make amends for their former Error, take care to keep the Learned, like *Hawks*, keen for the Game, by not over-feeding them. 'Twas not till now, that *Horace's* advice to *Augustus* came to be understood, where he recommends this great Patron

——Vatibus addere *Calcar* ;

that is, to give a *spur* to Poets; and what Spur can drive a Man thro' thick and thin like a starving Belly? Or when can a Man be supposed to exert himself in Writing so powerfully, as when he writes for his
daily

daily Bread? 'Tis to these Maxims, that we owe that superior Excellence, that distinguishes the Writings of these few Years past, and which, when *Posterity* reads, it will read with wonder. For now Poets begin to return to their *Garrets*, and their *Genius* returns along with them. In concurrence with the Designs, and partly at the Request of several of our *worthy Patrons*, I have penned their Discourse, to make my Brethren of the Quill easy under the Change they must of Necessity make. I can assure them, as an Omen of the Satisfaction they will enjoy in these *Apartments*, that a constant Health will keep their Bodies vigorous, and Minds active, for hither the gross Vapours of the Town never reach, and even their very Days are longer than theirs who live below, *Solem suum sua sidera norunt*. Besides, *Temperance* the Guardian of long Life and all the Virtues, always inhabits with the Inhabitants of a *Garret*. But there is nothing which more abundantly shews the

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the Healthfulness of the Situation, than; that they, who live in these sublime sort of Apartments, never want a good *Appetite*, a Truth woefully experimented by their inferior Neighbours, whenever they make a *Descent* on them.

There is also a great Advantage from the Security of this Post, that ought not to be passed over in Silence; for as Liberty is the dearest Blessing to all true *Britons*, I don't know any Place that promises more Security from Bailiffs, as their Approaches may be discovered at a good Distance; and the Pass may be maintained by a small Force against great Numbers: But this is a tender Point, of which, as the *Captious* may take Advantage, I shall say no more. For far be it from me, to divulge the Mysteries of my Profession.

To pursue, therefore, my Observations on the Salubrity of the Situation.—The Exercise up and down Stairs, relieves the

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Breast

Breast wonderfully—It is this gives the Poet Breath to swell his pompous Verses, and carry the Orator to the End of his long winded Periods: Hence proceeds the lofty (and indeed more than *Human*) Sound, of Verses produced in a *Garret*, which as much exceeds the groveling Stuff begotten below, as the *Garret* itself is higher than the inferior Floors. To this Advantage in the Situation, are to be attributed the Light, and Active Bodies (Emblems of their Souls) observable in our Brethren; insomuch that a lean Body may be a sort of a Criterion of a *Virtuoso*. For my Part, I never see a fat Author, that I am not very much scandalized; I look upon all such, as Deserters from the Banner of the Muses, Apostates from all good Letters, Prodigies to be expiated by Sacrifice; in fine, Wretches who ought to be driven from the Society of the Learned, like hunted Deer; for such strange *Phænomena* are not only highly absurd in themselves, but absolutely contrary to all good *Precedent*, antient and modern,

modern, The late Mr. *Pope* was as remarkable for his Leanness as his Wit; *Salmasius* reproaches *Milton* with the same defect. *Homer* must have been, thin, as we may reasonably conclude from his *Poverty*; and tho' I don't know it, I would venture to lay a smart Wager, that *Virgil* had not an Ounce of Flesh on his Back. *Ovid*^d makes express mention of his being very meagre in several Parts of his Writings, and Mr. *Warburton* assures me, from the best Authority, that the *Minor Poets* might have been bundled together like dry Sticks; and that the *Nine Lyrics* did not all together weigh so much as their Rival our *Laureat*.

There is one Poet, for whom as I have a great Esteem, I am sorry I cannot add to this Number; for it is not quite clear, that he was either very Poor, very Lean, or lived in a *Garret*; 'tis *Horace*. I once

^d Vid. *Ov. de Art. Amand. and de Ponto.*

indeed thought, that the many Passages in his Works in Praise of Poverty, proved, that he must have experienced it; but Mr. *Warburton* (and I don't know his Fellow for sound Criticism) thinks it evident, from his praising it, that he knew nothing of the Matter. In cases of this Consequence we ought never to determine rashly; much less ought we to take things, at best doubtful, for granted, only because agreeable to our System; for the Detection of false Reasoning in one Point, will make us suspected in all the rest. And that Fame promises to be of no great Duration, which is to last no longer than till we meet an intelligent Reader. To make then this Affair as easy as possible; it may not be improper, to consider *Horace's* Life in two distinct Periods. The former, before he gained the Favour of *Augustus*; and then, I take it, he lived in a *Garret*; and many Parts of his Works favour that conjecture; The latter, after he had been introduced to that Monarch; at which Time, I allow, he took

took up with lower Apartments, but then he was so sensible of the Indecorum of this Conduct, that he never after consider'd himself as a Poet.

Primum me illorum dederim quibus esse
Poetas

Excerptam numero.

—Nos turba sumus, &c.

Nay he went so far, as to call himself a Hog^e, a Knave, and other opprobrious Names^f, as nothing but the Sense of so capital a Fault as that which he committed, could justify: But there are (as I just now mention'd) some Passages, in his Odes, that shew he had formerly practis'd better, nor need we go further than the very first for an instance,

Sublimi feriam *Sidera* vertice.

Now this is so extraordinary a Rant, that it is impossible to take it literally, and can

^e Epicuri de grege porcum.

^f Nebulones.

mean no more, according to our former Method of taking down the Flights of Poets; than that, “ if *Mæcenas* should
 “ place him among the Lyrick Poets, he
 “ would strike his Head against the *Roof*
 “ of his *Garret* for Joy.” This is a *natural* Explication, and any other would be wild and absurd. But the next Instance I bring is much more forcible, as it is from an *Ode* entirely designed to describe his Poverty.

Non meo renidet in domo *Lacunar*.

This Idea of a *Rafter*, could only be suggested by a *Garret*; and as for any Difficulty arising from the Word *Domo*, a School-boy can solve it. But the Verses I am just now going to quote, will put the matter beyond any Dispute.

——Mutor in alitem,
 Superne; nascunturque leves
 Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.

The plain *English* of which is, “ I am
 4 “ changed

“ changed into a *Bird*, and Feathers are
 “ growing on my Shoulders and Hands.”
 Here is a plain Confession of his Poverty;
 for every one knows, that it is commonly
 said of a Man all in Rags, “ that he looks
 “ as if he was going to fly.” This shews
 what an excellent Courtier *Horace* was;
 he lets his great Friend see his Necessities,
 without seeming to blame him for them;
 and I am much mistaken, if all Antiqui-
 ty can produce so genteel an Address, or
 so handsome a Method of letting a Man’s
 Patron know his Wants.

But whatever might have been the Sen-
 timents or Practice of this great Critick
 and Poet, we don’t want Authority enough
 to support our Opinion. What Age!
 What Nation! has not known its *Garrets*
 filled with its greatest Men? When did the
 uninterrupted Succession fail? Or when
 was *Learning* itself famous, that *Garrets*
 were not so too? For my Part, I never
 come into mine, that I don’t find myself
 inspired

inspired by the Situation, and fancy myself in the midst of these ever glorious Heroes of Literature it has either received or formed.—What *Prodigies* of Genius have I not known, even in my own degenerate Time! Politicians, how sublime! Poets, how profound! Wits, how solid! Philosophers, how subtle! How often has the Government been relieved, in great Emergencies by the timely Schemes sent it from *Garrets*; and, with Sorrow I speak it, if they had always been attended to, the national Debt would not have remained so long unpaid. Here those who had scarce Genius for a *Conundrum*, conceive one for *Poetry*, or even make a shift to write very well without one. Here these Arts of *Chemistry* and *Alchimy* as they were first formed are most improved. Here is received the earliest Intelligence of foreign Affairs, even before they are transacted. Here Debauchees lament pathetically the Corruption of Manners; this inspires Men starving with Hunger to write Sonnets of Love. Broken Merchants

Merchants to deal in Pastoral, but in none is it more fertile than in excellent *Satirists*.

Among the many Conveniencies for Study that a *Garret* affords, I don't know any more conspicuous, or of greater Moment, than its Solitude; it is the Nurse of Study; and a Man may be sure to have it here quite uninterrupted; for when a Man retires to a Garret, he is sure never to be troubled with the importunate and officious Visits of his *Friends*; he may pursue his Meditations without the least Disturbance, and is as effectually forgotten as if he left the World.

Next to the want of Solitude there is nothing more prejudicial to Writers than *Flattery*, as it hinders them from seeing, and consequently from amending, their Faults; but here I can assure them, whatever may hurt their Writings, they are in no sort of danger from *Flattery*.

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I would

I would not appear to be ignorant, that some pretend to have found a Number of these Advantages in a *Cellar*, which they rather recommend for an Habitation for Authors; and to countenance this Opinion alledge the Practice of *Demosthenes*, who studied under Ground. But these People ought carefully to be avoided, as most dangerous Innovators in the Republick of Letters; they would reduce Authors to the Condition of Moles, who ought to soar like Eagles. Tho' my Indignation is the greatest imaginable against them, I can with the Countenancers of this wicked and heterodox Opinion nothing worse, than that they themselves should be condemned to suffer what they so heartily recommended to others.

You must not think, my Brethren, that in this Piece I speak to you like an overgrown *Seneca*, preaching Poverty from his rich Alcove; no, no, I advise you to nothing

thing but what I practise myself: For I write this from one of the sublimest Apartments in *Drury Lane*; and I venture to say, that a judicious Person may soon discover, that as some Mens Writings smell of the *Lamp*, so that mine smell of the *Garret*.

What success these my honest Endeavours may be crowned with, I shall not positively determine; but this much I must have Leave to say: That no one can have better Assurances of Success, as I already have had the Approbation of those, whose good Opinion might preface that of the Publick, or make me ample amends for the want of it. Men whose Learning would give a Lustre to their Virtues, but that their *Modesty*, that inseparable Companion, tho' worst Friend of Merit, prevents their shining with their native Lustre. For my Part I should be proud of being rank'd in the Number of their Admirers, if they were not humble enough to let me use the dearer

Name of Friend. The first of these I shall mention, is the very Rev. and my good Friend Dr. *John H—l—y*. He is a Gentleman possessed of a Thousand *latent* good Qualities, which would be an Ornament to the World, but for a certain Diffidence which keeps him from displaying them in an envious and ignorant Age. This great Man, I say, has been so liberal to me of his Praises, that they cover me with *Confusion*, and are such as I am ashamed to mention. All I can do in return, is to take this Method of informing the Publick, that they will hear every Sunday Evening, for a Shilling, or Six-pence, (as each Person is inclined, or can afford) the sublimest Strains of Oratory, and the purest Precepts of Religion, intermixed with the most delicate Ralleries, at the Corner of *Clare-Market*. He does not keep his *Chapel* here, as some of his Enemies would insinuate, because incapable of pleasing any but *Butchers*, but to exert the ancient Force of Eloquence in subduing barbarous Minds.

Another

Another Gentleman (Mr. *W*——) whom I consulted all along in this Work, has paid me his Compliments on it, with a Politeness and Elegance *peculiar* to himself. He thinks *literary Criticism* first began in a Garret, and can only be brought to Perfection there. For this Reason he intends to make use of my Assistance in a Work he has now on the *Anvil*, wherein he intends to *restore* all the *English* Poets, from *Chaucer* down to *Pope*. I might corroborate these Testimonies, if they needed it, by those of all the Weekly and Daily Writers; but as they are notoriously known to live in *Garrets*, I fear theirs might be suspected. Besides I doubt I have said already too much; but I chuse to Place the Testimonies of my Friends, (contrary to the Method of other Authors) at the End of my Work, that my Reader may be the better Judge, whether I deserve them: And as for the Characters I have given of a few of my Friends, I flatter myself I shall be forgiven; because the World *naturally* delights in *Panegyrick*,

negyrick especially when justly applied. For the Work I shall say but little myself, and that, (as all Men should talk of their own Compositions) with the utmost Diffidence. I have not borrowed one Thought, Line, or Sentence from any Author, living or Dead. Good or bad. 'Tis all my *own*. It must stand or fall by its own Merit. But if the present Age should not approve it, let every Body take notice, that I lodge my Appeal to *Posterity* in proper Form.



F I N I S.

